

quest was donations to the Women's Aid Society and to her pastor. To one of her children she recorded the prayer, "That her door may ever be open to the dear ministers of Jesus Christ, that her pocket may be open for the support of the gospel and for the poor and needy." "The memory of the just is blessed."—Com.

CORRECTION IN THE ABOVE.—Since the portion of the above on the previous page was printed, we have received a correction as follows:

"Please insert the name Mehetabel instead of Harriett as it is a mistake in the manuscript."

Also "The Moneys for W. M. A. Society: 'Bequest of the late Mr. John Dodge' should have been Mrs John Dodge."

ASA M. GIFFIN.

Permit me to record the sad loss of Capt. S. H. Giffin's son, who was drowned on the 14th Dec., 1880, from the schr. "S. G. Irwin," Capt. S. R. Giffin's vessel, on a voyage from Charlestown, P. E. I., to Isaac's Harbour. Mr. Asa M. Giffin had sailed with Capt. S. H. Giffin, his father, on board the schr. "Bennie Lass," as first mate. On the 10th of December, the weather being severe and cold, the "Bennie Lass" was frozen in, at East River, P. E. I. The crew being unshipped, Mr. Giffin started to return home with his uncle, Capt. S. R. Giffin. They sailed on the 13th December, the weather being clear but very cold. The night following, off Pictou Island, Northumberland Straits, the wind was blowing strong, and the vessel supposed to be running nine knots per hour, Mr. Giffin was struck by the foreboom and carried overboard; all efforts were made to rescue him from a watery grave, but all in vain. Soon the sad cry was heard above the howling of the wind that he was gone. Mr. Asa M. Giffin, was, in all respects, one of the most noble and gallant among seamen. He had already gained the respect and good will of all who knew him, for his kind, amiable, generous, and noble disposition. He was active and fearless, and was loved by all his companions, especially so by his shipmates. He had already gained quite a good position, and was one of the best navigators belonging to our harbour. Although young, he had secured a noble position. The sad loss has cast a deep gloom over our neighborhood, also a sad blow to his loving mother, and brothers and sisters, who deeply mourn the loss of a dutiful son, and a fond and loving brother. We ask an interest in all the prayers of sympathizing brothers and sisters in Christ in behalf of the sad bereavement Bro. S. H. Giffin and family has been called to pass through. May God comfort those who are cast down and passing through the deep waters of affliction. The Lord Jesus Christ is the only stronghold in time of trouble.

E. H. COOK.

MR. CHARLES F. COX,

Died at the residence of his son, Mr. W. F. Cox, Upper Stewiacke, on the 20th inst., in the 83rd year of his age. Mr. Cox was one of the constituent members of the Upper Stewiacke Church, and of which he continued a valued member, until called to join the triumphant band whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. In his earlier christian life, while he retained in his own hands his property, Mr. Cox was among the foremost to contribute towards the support of the church of which he was a member, but also towards all those benevolent objects which belong to the Baptist body. As he approached the end of his journey, his longings for the heavenly rest increased, and without cloud or fear, he passed to his reward.—Com.

Upper Stewiacke, Feb. 23rd, 1881.

SISTER MARY GOUDY.

The subject of this brief notice was born in Halifax, June 3rd, 1780. With her parents she moved to Yarmouth, where in 1806 she professed faith in Christ, and was baptized by Rev. Harris Harding, and united with the first Baptist Church of that place. She was united in marriage with Mr. Benjamin Goudy in 1808, and removed to Beaver River in 1830, and united with the Baptist church in that place, and with that church continued her membership until her death. In 1861 she with her husband moved to Pleasant Valley, to live with her son-in-law, Dea. Oleg. Tedford with whom she lived most happily until she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, Dec.

7th, 1880. It was at the time of her moving to Pleasant Valley that the writer became acquainted with our respected sister, and in his visits to her was always delighted with her conversation on the great subject of salvation through the blood of Jesus. She was well read in the Bible, sound in the doctrines of grace. She lived a life of faith and prayer. I always found her resting on the sure foundation. Our dear sister "knew who she believed and was persuaded that He is able to keep that which she had committed to Him." Thus lived and peacefully died our beloved sister, leaving six children and thirty grand children to mourn her loss. The occasion of her funeral was improved by a discourse on 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. "Let me die the death of righteous."—Com.

MRS. JOHN FREEMAN.

Died at Newton, Mass., Feb. 18th, in the 61st year of her age, Sophronia Freeman, wife of John Tupper Freeman, and for many years a faithful member of the Baptist Church at Milton, Queens Co. Last fall she removed to Newton, to make her home with her daughters. She suffered a few months from an attack of paralysis, and then God called her home. The funeral services held at Newton, Feb. 21st, were conducted by F. T. Whitman, formerly of Milton, Queens Co. Bro. Freeman and his bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathies of all those who knew our late sister. Mrs. Freeman was converted while yet a child, and at the age of 24 united with the Baptist Church, she has for 37 years been a faithful and earnest worker, whose home was always open to the servants of God, her hands ever ready to do deeds of kindness, her heart overflowing with charity. A beautiful illustration of the words she selected for her burial service. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Ecc. xii. 1.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

HALIFAX.—Rev. F. D. Crawley, on a visit to friends in Kings County, was in Halifax on Sunday last, and preached an excellent sermon in Granville Street Church in the evening. Mr. Crawley has been spending a few weeks at Fredericton, N. B., where he is the pastor elect. Mr. C. is to return to Newton and will have completed his course of studies there in June.

Rev. R. R. Philp preached in the Granville Street Church on Sunday week a very interesting and acceptable sermon. Donations from the congregation amounting to \$24.10 have since been handed in to Mr. P.

The Rev. J. W. Manning administered the ordinance of Christian Baptism on Sunday evening last. The continued meetings at the North Church are giving indications of revival and afford encouragement to pastor and people.

Dear Bro. Selden.

It was my privilege to baptize three happy converts last Lord's day. Last night four publicly manifested a desire to find the Saviour now. Pray for us that these and many more may find Him.

Yours in the Master's Service,
D. G. MACDONALD.
Charlottetown, Feb. 12, 1881.

O'LEARY ROAD, P. E. I.—I have much pleasure in informing you of the opening of the new Baptist Church on the O'Leary Road, on the 30th January. Rev. W. B. Bradshaw delivered two able and solemn discourses. On account of previous storms people from a distance could not attend. Our collection was generous. We are especially indebted to J. R. Calhoun, Esq., for a fine chair and \$6.00; and the Bedeque church for a stove and stove pipe. Through the power of good will and persevering united labor, we have accomplished this good work in about 9 months. We have excellent ash settees made by ourselves. We have not handled \$50 in cash in the whole transaction. Yet we can say that we do not owe one dollar.

By previous announcement we have kept on since in a series of evangelistic services. We have had great encouragement. Storms and bad roads could not keep the people from flocking to hear the gospel. Our house has been crowded on several occasions. The church, so low, has been greatly revived and some sinners have accepted the great salva-

tion, Rev. Mr. Crandal, pastor at Lot 49 &c. spent one week with us and was highly appreciated both by pastor and people. We expect to continue our meetings this week.

Never was there a greater opening for Baptist preaching in this west than now. There should be another missionary on the ground at once. May the churches and pastor so understand the great wants of the mission field as to make the Convention Scheme, a grand success this year. Then will our Boards be able to answer the cry for help, coming up from every quarter.

E. N. ARCHIBALD.

LOKEPORT.—Rev. J. A. Durkee writes under date Feb. 24th, "Bro. Goudey of Shelburne, baptized three for me on the 15th." We rejoice with our brother in these evidences of the Divine blessing on his labors, but much regret to learn that his health is not yet such as to permit him to enjoy the privilege of administering the ordinance himself.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

From China.

Miss Norwood, (a Nova Scotia young lady), writes as follows, to a friend:

JIO PENG, 82 miles from SWATOW, CHINA, Nov. 7, '80.

My companion and I have been forced to beat a hasty retreat from the little Chapel room below, owing to the boisterous crowd that has rushed in upon us, making all attempts at teaching the women or "promulgating the doctrine" quite an impossibility.

We left home on a Wednesday, October 27th; by *we* I mean Miss Thompson and myself. We are taking a month to visit the stations in her part of the field. Next month we hope to spend in mine. We reached her station of *Lai-Pu-Sua* the following Sunday, and remained there until yesterday morning, almost a week. Miss T. visited the church members in their respective villages, while I spent the day at the Chapel teaching a class of four old women to read, and talking with those who came from curiosity. In all this, I had the assistance of a little Bible woman who accompanied us. Miss Thompson spent at least a part of each day at the chapel, teaching the brethren to sing, and conversing with the strange women. I chose the class for my special work, because this is the kind of work I think I can do most successfully. How I wish you could have looked in upon me and have seen the dear old faces light up with joy at finding they could be taught to read for themselves truths already precious to them. The programme for the week was the leaflet about the "True God," the hymn "One there is above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend," and the verse "God so loved the world," &c. The last day we were there, one of the class, a little old woman whose head came about up to my shoulder, and whose face is wrinkled and toothless, came in, bringing three or four old women with her to hear, and one pretty young woman of twenty, to read. She seemed especially jubilant over the latter, who proved very bright and eager to learn, and again and again exclaimed in the most joyful tone, "I called her to come! I called her to come!" Dear old soul, well might she be joyful, for she was doing what she could to lead her heathen neighbors to learn of the better way.

Perhaps you will be interested in the following from my note book:

Saturday, Nov. 6th.—This morning at sunrise we started by raft for Jio Peng. Morning beautiful, scenery fine, but oh, for the pen of an artist to describe our raft and ourselves. Raft made of thirteen bamboos lashed together at convenient intervals, about 4 feet wide and 24 feet long. In the centre some loose bed-boards, a framework composed of two bamboos bent into the form of a half circle, and a thin mat boat cover make a sort of wigwam in which my companion and myself are making ourselves as comfortable as possible in a couple of chairs we have brought from home with us. The picture I would like to draw at this present moment would show the owner of the raft wading ahead and guiding his property by means of a rope fastened to the raft. At the bow end stand two of our boatmen engaged in poling, or in other words pushing us along by means of a couple of long bamboos. In our wigwam are ourselves, baskets, bedding, a tiny organ now folded up, and other miscellaneous articles. I, in my waterproof, shawl, and cork hat, my companion wrapped in a boat blanket for

warmth, with a wet towel on her head to protect it from the rays of the sun, and industriously committing to memory a hymn from her Chinese hymn book. A stern are a most heterogeneous collection of food and cooking utensils, including a tiny clay furnace on which our breakfast of boiled rice and broiled herring is being prepared. Near by stands another boatman, also poling,—and thus we are *en route* for the city of Jio Peng, of which more anon. The sun is getting high, and I must follow Miss T.'s example as regards the wet towel.

Later, Jio Peng.—We reached *Koi Lau* (head of the river) about 11 o'clock, and were somewhat startled at finding that no chairs were to be had. As for myself it did not so much matter. I can walk if necessity demands, but Miss T. cannot take very long walks without great discomfort, and five miles on a stony road over the mountains, under a burning sun, was not a particularly pleasant prospect even to me. However there was no help for it, so we renewed our wet towels and set out upon our walk at a slow pace. By means of frequent rests on our way, we accomplished the journey with less weariness than we had anticipated. Indeed we felt more than repaid for our tired feelings by the opportunity afforded of seeing the country. Our road led much of the way along the sides of the mountains covered with pines and ferns, the latter of rare and exquisite beauty. Above us towered high mountain peaks, while, below were deep ravines, over the stony beds of which rippling streams found their way. In front of us rose a high hill, crowned with a tall pagoda, shaded by an umbrella-shaped banyan, which sent down its roots from the very topmost story of the pagoda to its very base, there to find nourishment.

All along our route we were objects of curiosity, no foreign women ever before having walked this road, yet much to our surprise we did not hear one rude word, and even in this very *Jio Peng*, where but a few years ago Miss Field found it necessary to get away as soon as possible, and where no foreign woman has since entered, we were most quietly received. True, every bit of standing room which afforded a view of the "white foreigners," as we hear ourselves called, was crowded to its utmost capacity, yet all seemed content simply to look, and not one boisterous word was uttered. Yet notwithstanding our pleasant reception, we entered the city with saddened hearts. During one of our wayside rests, a passer-by—an old woman—stopped and looked at us. As she turned away a man standing by said, "That is a woman whose business is to look up babies for the Foundling Home." Upon inquiry we were told that she buys new-born girl babies, whose mothers do not want to kill them, and pays a couple hundred cash, (not 20 cents), for each. She takes them to a Home for Foundlings in another city, where they are kept until opportunity offers to sell them to some one seeking for a daughter-in-law or a slave. While musing upon the state of society which can permit such things, we came to an eating stand. There on the roadside were two baskets, containing five newly-born girl babies, little wailing things wrapped in coarse soiled linen. The same old woman whom we had seen a short time before knelt beside the baskets feeding the little ones with warm sweetened water. We learned that they were being carried into the city to be sold. The vendor of babies hoped to get 400 cash (not quite 40 cents) for each of the poor little mites of humanity. O, how our hearts ached for these infants, and how we longed to buy them all, and have them tenderly cared for. Indeed, Miss Thompson could scarcely be restrained from doing so, but her better judgment gained the victory. There is only one practicable way in which we can help the little innocent outcasts of China, and that is through the mothers. But O, how little we can do in a land where Christians are so few, and heathen mothers are counted by the million. Pray for us, that we may do faithfully our little, and that God will hasten the time when these mothers will consider their little girls as God's good gifts to them.

To-day (Sunday) notwithstanding my weariness, has been one of my red-letter days. Crowds have been at the chapel all day, and this forenoon were very orderly. Utterance was given unto me, so that for fully an hour I was able to talk to a crowd of women, feeling that I could say what I wanted to, and better still, I knew from the questions and answers of my listeners, that I was understood. Heretofore when in a

crowd, I have done little more than confine myself to my leaflet. After the service we formed a class of eight women.

Among those who crowded to see us was an *Albino*,—a boy of fourteen, with white hair, pinkish eyes, that seemed afraid of the light, and fair complexion,—the child of Chinese parents.

This afternoon we learned that one of the brethren, an old man, is apparently near his end. He had purchased his coffin, but now finds it is far too short, so he wishes to sell it and buy a longer one. Such an one will cost more, so he has asked the brethren to make a contribution for the extra amount needed to provide him with a coffin of the proper size. This is not quite so bad as an incident which came under Miss Field's notice a few Sundays ago. She chanced to be at the chapel at one of the outstations, where an old woman living in a room off the chapel was dying. On Sunday she learned that though not dead, her friends were about to put her in her coffin, and were arranging to have the funeral immediately after the morning service, thus taking advantage of Miss Field's presence, as well as that of a goodly number of the brethren and sisters, to have a *respectable* funeral. However, Miss F. persuaded them to wait till she was dead, before putting her in the coffin and announcing the funeral. Hence it had to be delayed until Monday. It is but fair I should say that the woman and her friends were not church members.

Refus.

Twenty-one cars of sugar and one car of fish, were shipped over the Incecolonial, on Saturday, to Montreal. The total freight business for the week was 437 cars, of which 78 were cars of sugar, 50 English goods, and 5 fish for Montreal and points West.

REDUCTION OF THE GARRISON.—Information has been received from England to the effect that the vote for the maintenance of the Halifax garrison, for the ensuing year, is only half what it formerly was. This indicates that the strength of the garrison will be materially reduced. It is probable that the 101st regiment will be moved, and that other reductions will be made.—*Citizen.*

The hull of the schr. *Jennie M. Hammond*, which was wrecked at Thrum Cap shoals a short time ago, floated off on Saturday morning and went to sea. An attempt was made by some fishermen to tow her back, but it proved unsuccessful, and they had to give it up.

The Baptist Parsonage at Onslow, Colchester, had a narrow escape from destruction by fire on Wednesday. Two gentlemen, Messrs. Richard Upham and John Jamieson, of Truro, were driving past the house when they saw flames issuing from the kitchen. They immediately gave the alarm, and the neighbors collecting and gallantly working, the building was saved from destruction. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Martell, and his wife were away from home at the time.—*Chron.*

Rev. Mr. Yates, Amherst, was presented with a purse containing \$93 on the 14th ult.

The recent snow storm raged with great violence along the Eastern shore. The drifts were very high.

Voting on the Canada Temperance Act will take place in the County of Colchester, on the 14th April.

The *Western Chronicle* says the school house at West Rock Section was burned on Tuesday evening, 15th inst.

RABBITS have lately become an export of considerable dimensions from Nova Scotia. Thousands of them have been frozen and packed in large cases and sent to England, from one establishment near the market wharf from week to week. Large quantities have also been shipped from Annapolis county. At the rate which they have this winter been caught and sent off we should think they will soon be a scarce article. They sell for a few cents a pair here. Taken to England they realize a handsome profit, and perhaps, eventually their skins after yielding a good return to various manufacturers become fine *seal-skin!* and the carcasses supply the people of Britain with fine savory food.

The *Windsor Mail* takes an interest in the accommodation provided for crossing Halifax harbor. It notices that it has been stated that the Dartmouth Ferry Boat Co. intend building a new boat in the place of the *Sir C. Ogle*, and remarks: "We think it nearly time, as this boat is about the age of Noah's Ark and not near as commodious."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the proper remedy to take in the spring of the year to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore the healthy tone and vigor of the whole physical mechanism, which often becomes impaired during the winter, by lack of open air exercise, and the want of sufficient care in the matter of diet.